Greek Metaphysics, Holderlin Reverse and Astronomy

By Shomit Sirohi

Introduction

Reflect the image into the work and at each page – I call this Astronomer images of the novel based in Milan Today as an Image of Delhi.

Russian Formalist Techniques used in the work then are exemplifying the process of in fact the work, each Freudian point is that surrealist tip.

I. Camera Rolling, Perception

The small cigarette in hand, Ilaan opens the discussion and debate with a walk up and down on his room in the fourth floor of a Argentine apartment. Then in fact he is walking down the staircase and picking up his phone at the lobby. He also means in fact to write down a few notes, and signatures it for a banking extravaganza and is also in fact creatively working on the number of bags coming in for his reverse Natalia, Claire and even Scara.

Now in fact many streets are being crossed and he is smoking and catching a pack in his hands, and even pushing it in a pocket and walking into a cathedral, in a small detail it has sculpture and even in fact old paintings and a small number of books and a sphere.

Out of this old museum, and again in a small corner and talking on an old phone, in the future a mobile phone. It is 1924 and will be 1961, and then 1971 and then 2019. So far so many

sequences. In a sense Leon Trotsky is in London and waiting for a phone call. Many developments of science fiction then includes the work “Soviet empire declines as American empire arises.” Which then is the process of the future.

II. Israel – Perception – Is it, or is it perception, I mean literature?

Isiahe and Iseke are walking around at an old café. They ask is it perception literature? I

mean in some sense this simple old writing. Is it perception, that gets involved in that old work “War of the Worlds, by H.G, Wells” and so it means there is a process of war machines and perception sees it going into the future as in fact a heroic man driving in a car and getting out of it, and it is an accident going off. I also mean he then gets into the protest with his cop badge and stops the shooting. And then the rest of it is this man Ilaan who is always working on cases.

III. Realism

Small bits of coinage, and then realism, we need a banking contract, a high one. On the left is Johnati and on the right is Ismael. We are then in fact laughing a lot. All of this leads to Milan where the women are all living quarters.

Realism then I mean from now on. Not this perception stuff. I mean let us be realists. I am walking with my hand folded and my bag carried and I am dropping off an old friend at Paris. Then off to Tel Aviv and

then to Buenos Aires. I am then reading H.G. Wells – it goes like this, the movement of war machines and the movement of bodies and a heroic person who then liberates them in aligned movements of gun power. I mean then all of this is a joke. How can I be in fact like that? Lenin argues Tolstoy is better. Realism.

IV. Method, Realism, Russian Formalism, H.G. Wells

The small envelope has in it 20, 000 Shekel, and 50,000

Dollars. It is mailed to Israel and to Isiahe and Iseke. It is then forwarded to artists in the world. In one small envelope comes a old photograph of Lenin and Trotsky. It is a Hebrew photograph of them. Mao is also caught laughing on one photo.

In one lane, I am walking and crouching as the police is passing by, and in another lane intersecting, Borges walks by. And like that we meet at a conjecture, in Delhi finally.

In a lane next to this in Buenos Aires there are four lanes then, which go into a by lane and becomes a complex old building – La Casa De Borges. Which then has old interior design and is with in fact his appearance. Jorge Luis Borges, I ring the bell and ask for. I walk in climb the staircase, a spiral one and make it to his room. He announces himself – In fact you were the man I was waiting for. Speculative Nominalism is my affair, I call this in fact something like H.G Wells that is being developed. I mean then

carry on. It is my worth to tell you, it is the best ficcion. I also mean read as you will.

I then get out thanking him and walk down the staircase again, he meant, catch you later. Offended we can’t talk more he follows me and came out. He says in the open air. What it meant was in fact – that the process of reflection or refleccion and reflejo and Ficciones is in this process developed into so far – 10 novels with 2 meta-novels in each which is two parts of the novels – a simple Rayuela for realism

and a complex Ficcion for a bit of surrealism. It means also realism again. I will say that to you, now off.

I was walking then with a man named Arturo of course, he was then talking on an old phone he follows as a old vintage connect. He means of course we meet. He adds, in fact the triangle is now plotted well – one is a acute triangle from Borges, another is from me Belano, and a third is yours, Ilaan as it were. Now articulate it – H.G Wells and war machines and that type of realist and materialist

idea of partitions of peope and critics and writers and poets and then myself a militant and politician who is wealthy who is also in fact working on science fiction.

Just that Belano argues is then infinity – see now plotting in cinema.

V. Realism again please

In the house in Tel Aviv I am walking down the staircase and walking towards a small cheap store and buying old cigarettes and reading Hebrew

newspapers. I am also in fact walking down the lane and cutting into the other lane and walking towards an old Jewish house. Isiahe and Iseke differ on the question of this meeting. I am glad we meet.

Part II

I. H.G Wells and Walking in Hungary, Czech Republic and even finally Yugouslavia and Romania

The ring on the bell and I walked in, after the woman

on the door came early in February, one wintry day, through a biting wind and a driving snow, the last snowfall of the year, over the down, walking from Bramblehurst railway station, and carrying a little black portmanteau in her thickly gloved hand she meant I knew this visit and was exact, our misunderstanding did not matter I said to her and that was because I knew this house and this door. So she said get in and live well. He was wrapped up from head to foot, and the brim of his soft felt hat hid every inch

of his face but the shiny tip of his nose; the snow had piled itself against the door. I was cold and Prophetic, Trotsky said at the door, and Lenin was next door and Mao was visiting. He stamped and shook the snow from off himself in the bar, really cold and happy in fact, and followed Mrs. Hall into her guest parlour to strike his bargain. I was also then walking in small steps down the lane and catching an old Tram, I bought my books there in that house and worked out a simple conjecture on Poincare with the leaders

and left. At another point it was also Lenin who we now transition to. And with that much introduction, that and a couple of sovereigns flung upon the table, he took up his quarters in the inn.

II. Characters

As soon as the tram was well under way, and Millie was meeting Romane, His gloved hands were clasped behind him, and he seemed to be lost in thought. Now Romane pulled out his revolver and put it in the bag and left with a word – this stuff here is meant to be sent to a conspirator,

that Blanquist – Jaffan. She noticed that the melting snow that still sprinkled his shoulders dripped upon her carpet. “Can I take your hat and coat, sir?” she said, “and give them a good dry in the kitchen?”

“No,” he said without turning.

She was not sure she had heard him, and was about to repeat her question.

He turned his head and looked at her over his shoulder. “I prefer to keep them on,” he said with emphasis, and she noticed that he wore big blue spectacles with sidelights,

and had a bush side-whisker over his coat-collar that completely hid his cheeks and face.

In many lanes of the 1927 Romania, Romane was always walking and talking on his vintage connection phone. In fact Belano was talking to him. He also meant to set off a strike. As a poet though he came to Romania and crossed the streets.

III. Now in America, Doc and his Young Fellows all Reading Heidegger

“Very well, sir,” she said. One of Ilaan’s lovers then, Doc meets at Milan and says he is miserable without Ilaan as you are. “*As* you like. In a bit the room will be colder.”

He made no answer, and had turned his face away from her again, and Irana feeling that her conversational advances were ill-timed, laid the rest of the table things in a quick staccato and whisked out of the room. When she returned he was still standing there, like a man of stone, his back hunched, his collar turned up, his

dripping hat-brim turned down, hiding his face and ears completely. She put down the eggs and beef with considerable emphasis, and called rather than said to him, “Your lunch is served, sir.”

“Thank you,” he said at the same time, and did not stir until she was closing the door. Then he swung off.

In America, a lot of people are teeming past. Joe meets Cliff and all of the young guys are walking into the street like working class livers and there is Booey

and Malone and all of them waiving.

Part III – Productions of Spontaneity - Stikhinost

As she went behind the bar to the kitchen she heard a sound repeated at regular intervals. Music, all the women in Milan were then swerving and dancing with a watch on their hands pointed and in fact moving in astronomy. And were swing. In fact then a curved swing and black vintage. I meant also turning around and meeting Ilaan and

holding his shoulder for a dance.

She was listening to rap and entered promptly. As she did so her visitor moved quickly, so that she got but a glimpse of a white object disappearing behind the table. It would seem he was picking something from the floor. She rapped down the can and pot on the table, and then she noticed the overcoat and hat had been taken off and put over a chair in front of the fire, and a pair of wet boots threatened rust to her steel fender. She went to these things resolutely. “I

suppose I may have them to style now," she said in a voice that brooked no denial. All the women were laughing and lounging and talking and Scara met Ilaan and almost kissed on the cheek.

For a moment she stood gaping at him, too surprised to speak.

Her swerve began to recover from the slow dance they had received. She placed the movement of Quran on the table as all the CIA went in and talked to Ilaan. "I didn't know, sir,"

she began, “that—” and she stopped on the door and in fact went off with Ilaan and CIA and Doc to the many streets. So this is then loaded guns and leave her at Milan, we got to leave.

“Thank you,” he said drily, glancing from her to the door and then at her again. He dropped her and walked into the main quarter room and picked up an old Soviet science fiction magazine and pointed at is image of a woman, you see, some 1967 image of in fact Parisian women who are all slow

dancing in a cathedral as ballet.

“I’ll have them nicely tried, man, at once,” she said, and carried his clothes out of the room. She glanced at his white-greyish swathed head again as she was going out of the door; but his napkin was still in front of his face. She shivered a little as she closed the door behind her, and her face was eloquent of her surprise and perplexity. “I *never*,” she whispered. “There!” She went quite softly to the kitchen, and was too preoccupied to ask

Millie what she was messing about with *now*, when she got there.

The visitor sat and listened to her retreating feet. He glanced inquiringly at the window before he removed his serviette, and resumed his meal. He took a mouthful, glanced suspiciously at the window, took another mouthful, then rose and, taking the serviette in his hand, walked across the room and pulled the blind down to the top of the white muslin that obscured the lower panes.

IV. Setting it Off

“I have some luggage,” he said, “at Bramblehurst station, London,” and he asked her how he could have it sent. He bowed his bandaged head quite politely in acknowledgment of her explanation. “To-morrow?” he said. “There is no speedier delivery?” and seemed quite disappointed when she answered, “No.” Was she quite sure?

II. Camera, Rolling, Perception

In fact then she moved his hand and moved his legs

between her legs in a jive and in fact then was the swooning to Stendhal and all this sex and all this talking which became about then a swooning number of women.

Ilaan was off then and the reverses are this while around all in fact reverses which are dashing.

I call it dashing this novel, it has a number of reflections of this dashing dance I meant which is also then dashing responses and walking on the road, turning back, getting into a

tram – the whole walking, realism of the lanes and all that is dashing.

III. Setting it Off Finally, in Jharkhand

I was then getting a gun off and left.

V. Now Freedom in India, 2019

It was that on the twenty-ninth day of February, at the beginning of the thaw, this singular person fell out of infinity into Iping village. Imagine then infinity. Cantor all of that. Next day his luggage arrived through

the slush—and very remarkable luggage it was. I mean then infinity, a number of bags and scooters and cars coming off the flight, the ship and the train. There were a couple of trunks indeed, such as a rational man might need, but in addition there were a box of books—big, fat books, of which some were just in an incomprehensible handwriting—and a dozen or more crates, boxes, and cases, containing objects packed in straw, as it seemed to.

And he came down the steps towards the tail of the cart as if to lay hands on the smaller crate.

The blind was down and the room dim. He caught a glimpse of a most singular thing, what seemed a handless arm waving towards him, and a face of three huge indeterminate spots on white, very like the face of a pale old car. I mean old Urdu cars. And Urdu letters of course. Then he was struck violently in the back hurled back, and the door slammed in his face and locked. It was so

rapid that it gave him no time to observe. A waving of indecipherable shapes, a blow, and a falling star. There he stood on the dark little landing, wondering what it might be that he had seen.

A couple of minutes after, he rejoined the little group that had formed outside the “Coach and Horses.”

Part II - Last Part

Another school of opinion followed Mr. Fatham , and either accepted the piebald view or some modification of it; as, for instance, Silas Durgan, who was heard to

assert that “if he chooses to show enself at fairs he’d make his fortune in no time,” and being a bit of a theologian, compared the stranger to the man with the one talent. Yet another view explained the entire matter by regarding the number as then letters as well. That had the advantage of accounting for everything straight away.

A complex monadology then of the novel.

II. Infinity, Perception, On an Island and Many Perceptions of Old People as New People

Many perceptions of him running.